

# The Plymouth Republican.

Recorders office 17Feb01

VOLUME 45.

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1901.

NO. 44



THE LATE WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

## HIS LAST DAY AT THE CAPITOL

Dead President Lies in State in the Great Building That Was The Scene of so Much of His Triumph.

## MEMORABLE JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 17.—All day yesterday the funeral train bearing the widow and her dead moved swiftly past continuous demonstrations of sympathy and sorrow. From the silent lines of railroad men and their families standing with bared and bowed heads in the railroad yards at Buffalo, through the grouped farmers mile after mile and the crowds in village, town and city, the sad journey was remarkable for the manifestations of feeling by all classes of citizens. Everywhere and every moment it was the same—grave and saddened faces, bowed and bared heads, bells tolling, bands playing solemn dirges, or other recognition of the dreadful thing that has happened.

The last entry of William McKinley, the dead president, into the capital of the nation was in the evening of a perfect autumn day. On the casket rested a large sheaf of wheat, emblematic of the gathered harvest.

McKinley the man and the statesman had passed through the same portals of the old railroad station perhaps a thousand times in the last forty years. His first coming was as a boy soldier, and then he came as a legislator and governor, and finally as president-elect of the United States.

It was a sad and yet the most triumphant coming of McKinley to the capital, for here the representatives of a united nation welcomed the cold clay while all the world in spirit united in the sentiment that placed William McKinley among the immortals.

The flags over the capitol and the White house were at half-mast, and the flags of the army and navy were shrouded, while muffled drums spoke the sorrow for his death, but above this sorrow rose the spirit of McKinley's triumph as the sorrowing multitude felt that his life at the head of the nation had effaced old sectional lines and even party lines in this hour, for among those who stood with uncovered heads and tear dimmed eyes were men who had worn the gray, as sincere mourners now as those who had in the political strife followed the star of McKinley as president.

The bereft widow was also conscious of the triumph of him she still fondly calls "the major," and this has supported her in her grief. She followed the flag-draped and sheaf-crowned casket from the train, and made her last pilgrimage to the White House. President Roosevelt and

his cabinet followed, all still devoted to the memory of the dead. And then came the relatives and personal friends. Many of these had come with McKinley the president-elect in the springtime of his promise, and they came again in the sadness of his funeral train, but none could be entirely broken by sadness, as they realized the triumph of the harvest gathered by the nation in the name of William McKinley.

The remains of President McKinley last night lay in the east room of the White House, where for more than four years he had made his home as the chief magistrate of the great American republic. Upstairs his widow mourns for her dead in the family apartments that now bring back but the saddest of memories.

President Roosevelt went at once from the white house to the home of Captain Cowles, his brother-in-law, and there, for the first time as president, he met his wife and son, also Secretaries Hay and Gage. He declined to receive callers because of his fatigue and the exactions of today and tomorrow. He will attend the remains of his dead predecessor to the cemetery at Canton after which he will occupy the executive mansion and take up his official duties. His gentle dignity and perfect tact under the present trying circumstances have created an extremely favorable impression.

This morning at 9 o'clock the casket was borne to the capitol, the imposing cortege passing up the great avenue through a solid mass of people. The crowd was quiet, solemn and easily restrained from trespassing on the open space left for the line of march. Religious services were held in the rotunda after which the doors were thrown open and the people admitted to pass in grave procession past the remains. The service was as follows, the music being furnished by the choir of the Metropolitan M. E. church:

Hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." Prayer, the Rev. Henry R. Naylor, D. D., Presiding Elder Episcopal church, Washington district.

Hymn, "Some Time We'll Understand." Address, Bishop Edward G. Andrews, D. D., Methodist Episcopal church.

Hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Benediction, the Rev. W. H. Chapman, D. D., acting pastor Metropolitan Methodist Episco-

pal church.

This evening the remains will be taken to the Pennsylvania station and conveyed to their final resting place at Canton. The funeral escort to the station will be in command of Major-General Brooke and will consist of soldiers and sailors and an immense civic procession.

### ARRANGEMENTS AT CANTON.

The President's Remains Will Lie in His Own Church.

CANTON, O., Sept. 17.—All arrangements for the funeral of President McKinley are in the hands of Judge Day, who met with citizens' committee at the Federal building, to lay before the citizens the plans of the cabinet, intrusted to him to be made known here. The committee heard the outline of the wishes of the family, and proceeded to complete the details for the funeral of the nation's chief in his home city.

The cabinet directed that Mayor Robertson should be chairman of the committee on arrangements. The mayor presided at the meeting and an executive committee was chosen, composed of intimate friends of the stricken president.

The president and cabinet will be received at the residence of Mrs. Geo. D. Harter, the largest residence in the city and near the McKinley home.

The remains will be taken to the First M. E. church on their arrival Wednesday and lie in state until the interment. The Rev. Dr. Manchester will conduct the services.

Plans for the mobilization of the Ohio National Guard to the number of 5,000 have been perfected and they will all be here by Wednesday noon. This infantry, cavalry, artillery and naval reserves. To Battery A. of Cleveland, will fall the honor of firing the final salute.

### CZOLGOSZ TRIED MONDAY

Grand Jury Now Investigating The Architect's Crime.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 17.—The county court grand jury yesterday began its consideration of the case against Leon Czolgosz, charged with murder in the first degree, in killing President McKinley. District Attorney Penny is himself presenting the case.

About twenty witnesses assembled in the district attorney's office and after examining a few of them Mr. Penny took Dr. Herman Mynter into the jury room. He was the first witness sworn and testified as to the preliminary examination and finally as to the death of the President and the causes leading to it.

Other witnesses told the story of the shooting and of the medical treatment and death of the patient.

The district attorney said that if an indictment were found, the prisoner would be arraigned at once. The trial will begin on Monday next, before Supreme Court Justice White.

### MAYOR'S PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, The President has appointed Thursday, September 19th, as a day of mourning and prayer throughout the United States on account of the untimely death of our late President, William McKinley, that being the day on which the remains of the dead President will be laid in their last earthly resting place;

THEREFORE I, Perry O. Jones, Mayor of the City of Plymouth, do hereby request that the Public Schools and all places of business be closed on that day from 1 o'clock p. m. until 5 o'clock of said day. Given under my hand and seal of the City of Plymouth, this 18th day of September, 1901.

P. O. JONES, Mayor.

## AT BUFFALO

Crowds Follow the Funeral Procession from City Hall to Railway Train.

### IMPRESSIVE SCENES

The Black-robed Widow and the New Chief Magistrate Proceed to the Station—The Band Plays "Nearer my God, to Thee" as a Dirge.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 17.—The body of the honored chief executive, who came to Buffalo only a few days ago as the guest of the city, was borne away in silent splendor, his career ended as far as his dominant personality is concerned, although his policies will remain. Thousands upon thousands watched the impressive procession yesterday moving toward the depot.

It was doubly impressive because of its lack of gorgeousness and because of the fact that, following closely behind the pall covered corpse of the dead president, came the successor of the title, President Roosevelt. The funeral train left the New York Central station at 8:24 o'clock. It was not a particularly pleasant morning. The sun shone, but the wind blew in strong fitful gusts across the city, tearing down the drapings and raising clouds of dust.

Mrs. McKinley was not awakened until after 7 o'clock, when Dr. Rixey went to the room with one of her attendants. She had not slept well, despite the fact that she is almost exhausted and that Dr. Rixey had given her a sleeping potion. The first thing she asked was a repetition of the query of the last two days: "When can I see the major?"

At 5:35 several figures stepped silently out upon the porch and walked down toward the carriages. Mrs. Wm. McKinley, robed in mourning, and supported by Abner McKinley on one side and Dr. Rixey on the other, was the central figure. To the surprise of all she walked briskly with her head quite erect, her face hidden behind her long black veil. She got into the carriage with her favorite niece, Miss Barber, Abner McKinley and Dr. Rixey, and they were driven at once to the depot. So far as could be seen she sat erect and unsupported in the carriage.

The family of Abner McKinley, other relatives of the dead president and Secretary Cortelyou followed in other carriages, and the Milburn house, famous now because of its connection with a great national tragedy, went back into the possession of its owner, who had so kindly given it up to the use of the president and his family.

President Roosevelt did not arise until 7 o'clock. He dressed quickly, and at 7:30 was ready for breakfast. He breakfasted with the family of his host, Ansley Wilcox. Just after 8 o'clock had struck, together with Mr. Wilcox and his secretary, Wm. Loeb, jr., he got into a carriage and drove to the train. A few mounted police followed the carriage and three or four detectives and secret-service men were near by. Otherwise there was nothing to distinguish the president from any other citizen.

The slow and stately progress of the president's body from the city hall to the railroad station afforded the people of Buffalo a last opportunity to do honor to the memory of the lamented executive.

Exactly at the appointed hour, 7:45, the escort was in perfect readiness. In clarion tones Maj. Mann, commanding the escort, delivered the order, "Present arms!" Noiselessly and with the

precision of the well-drilled soldier the arms leaped to position, the commanding officer turned about and, facing the house of the dead, brought his sword to "present." It was an impressive moment. The rigid soldiers and sailors were awaiting the body of their late commander-in-chief. A minute of inspiring silence and then, emerging from the doors of the city hall, there moved the eight body bearers, four soldiers and four sailors. On their shoulders rested the casket inclosing the body of the country's beloved one.

Away down the line of the soldiery, from the 65th regiment band came the strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Behind the long ropes the throng uncovered and with bowed heads waited and watched in silence.

Half an hour later, with measured step and to the strains of the constantly playing band, the line at last turned into Exchange street, where the railroad station is located. Then the Buffalo journey was at an end.

## COLLAPSE FEARED

Alarm Felt for Mrs. McKinley After the Excitement is Over.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 18.—The friends of Mrs. McKinley are seriously alarmed about her. They speak with grave apprehension of the days that are to come when she will be borne up no longer by her sense of duty and the sustaining force of her desire to perform her full part in the ceremonies that the national character and tragic end of her distinguished husband made appropriate.

They dread the approaching days in the quiet of her home at Canton when her "beloved Major" will not be near to comfort her in the reaction that will follow inevitably after the present shock. It is believed that she will be able to go through the services at Canton without too great difficulty, but subsequently a collapse is greatly feared.

At present her condition justifies the hope that three will be no breakdown, at least until the final offices have been paid to the dead. This evening Mrs. McKinley is considerably weaker than when at Buffalo, but continues to bear up with great fortitude. Yesterday afternoon she gave vent to her grief more freely than at any time since the tragedy. She sobbed and cried for a long time, and these paroxysms of grief sapped her strength to quite a degree. Still, as stated, there is no present sign of collapse.

Dr. Rixey was with his patient several times during the day and spent quite a little while with her late in the afternoon, remaining until nearly six o'clock.

After his last call he said he was fairly confident of Mrs. McKinley's ability to take part in the services at Canton. She has had a long and severe shock, however, and in order that she may become gradually accustomed to the change wrought in her life by the sad death of the president it is probable that Secretary Cortelyou and Dr. Rixey will remain in Canton for some little time to soothe and comfort the widow in the grief and terror that must come when in her old home she gradually realizes in its full degree that her main support and comfort in life has been taken away.

### Bishop Whipple Dead.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 17.—Bishop Henry B. Whipple, of the Protestant Episcopal church, died yesterday at his home in Faribault, Minn.

### General Funston Sick.

MANILA, Sept. 18.—Gen. Funston is in the hospital suffering from appendicitis. He will probably be operated upon.



MRS. MCKINLEY.

## LAST HOMECOMING

Canton in Mourning For Her Best-loved Son Whose Body Lies in State While Thousands Pass.

CANTON, O., Sept. 18.—After its long journey through the blackness of night the black-draped funeral train bearing the lifeless corpse of Canton's greatest man to its last resting place reached here this morning at the hour fixed and the neighbors and friends of the dead gave way to their great grief. The city is crowded beyond any previous experience and thousands are yet to come. Neither board nor lodging places can be supplied for half the throng of mourners who will be here in testimony of their sorrow.

At noon the casket was placed in the rotunda of the court house, a proper guard was set and the doors opened to the endless stream of people anxious to look once more upon the face of William McKinley. The crowd is formed in ranks of four as the south door is approached and no delay is permitted at the tier, large detachments of militia and police being on duty to keep the column in motion through the building.

The escort for the remains from the train to the court house was led by a troop of cavalry to clear the way, but no display was attempted. The hearse drawn by four handsome black horses was followed by carriages containing the family and the distinguished visitors. Ropes stretched along the streets through which the cortege proceeded, and also about the court house square, restrained the crowds, and the mayor's proclamation closing those streets to vehicles of all kinds was readily obeyed. Until 9 o'clock at night the body will remain in the court house and immediately after that hour it will be taken to the family residence on North Market street. Canton post, G. A. R., composed almost entirely of members of President McKinley's old regiment, the Twenty-third Ohio, will escort the body to the house.

Thursday at 2 o'clock will occur the funeral at the Methodist church, the services being simple and brief, and then the last march will be taken up leading to the grave.

The streets are hung in heavy, solemn black, the air is filled with the wailing notes of dirges and the people move about in almost breathless silence. All day yesterday hundreds of men and women labored in their task to

arrange the decorations on the public buildings, on the fronts of commercial houses, and over the windows and porticos of private residences. At sunset Canton was shrouded in black and so she will remain until the body of her best beloved son has been committed to the vault in West Lawn cemetery.

From early morning until late in the evening there was a constant procession of visitors moving along North Market street to the McKinley home—a house easily distinguished from all others in that it is the only one not draped in black. There is today no sign of mourning on the house, nor will there be until the dead president has been borne through its doorway tonight. Through the day the visitors stood in knots under the trees that line the walks in front or hung over the low iron fence talking low and in whispers as if the illustrious dead were already within its walls.

### Pekin Given to China.

LONDON, Sept. 18.—A dispatch from Pekin says the Chinese troops entered that city today. The Americans and Japanese transferred the control of the Forbidden City to the Chinese.

### Aguinaldo Is Sorry.

MANILA, Sept. 18.—Aguinaldo has sent the following address to Governor Taft and General Chaffee on the death of President McKinley: "If the statements of a Filipino in my position can be considered an expression of feeling accept this as a manifestation of the sincerest sorrow."

### From Watery Graves.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Sept. 17.—After facing almost certain death for fourteen hours from the waves of Lake Michigan on the waterlogged and sinking schooner G. Ellen, four sailors were rescued yesterday by the steamer Nyack just as they had abandoned hope, and after having twice seen passing vessels ignore their frantic signals for help.

### Big Fire at Oconto Falls.

OCONTO FALLS, Sept. 17.—The Falls Manufacturing company yesterday suffered a loss by fire of \$75,000. The fire destroyed the boiler room and the wet machine room, with all machinery. The plant will be rebuilt.